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LOST AND FOUND.

BY N. IDA SMITH.



I.
HE was a tiny dainty morsel of humanity, dressed in a wonderful frock of blue silk, and hugging in her arms a doll nearly as large as herself.

He was a forlorn little specimen of "street ga-

min." with frowzy unkempt hair, a battered slouch hat, and an old jacket a world too big for him.

She stood with tearful blue eyes fixed pleadingly upon his face, her own golden locks falling in a shining mass around her small form.

"Oh, so you're lost, eh? Can't find yer parients," he said. "Well, that's a bad go fer one o' your stripe."

"Tan't 'oo fin' me?" she asked, in tearful accents.

A sudden sense of importance stole over him at her confiding tone. He felt several inches taller than before, but he shook his head sagely. "Dunno, little one, tho' I'd like to accommodate ye. What's yer name?"

"Papa calls me Dot, and mamma calls me Birdie," said the small lady, hugging her doll still closer.

"Well, Birdie," he said, "I will take you to your papa. So now let's be friends—won't you?"

She put one little hand trustingly in his. "Yes, 'oo and I will be friends; and now I'se weady to go home."

He looked dubiously down at the white morsel, as it lay within his brown palm; then suddenly closing his own hand upon it, he said, simply: "Come."

They wandered on, she full of hopeful expectancy, having confidence in his power and wisdom; he in anxiety and doubt, for it was growing dark, and he really did not know where

to go. Yet, up through the crust of uncouth training and neglected childhood, there welled a new strange feeling through all his being, at his new sense of responsibility, which changed the rough "street gamin" into something wonderfully akin to gentleness and manly courtesy.

"I'se tired," said the child, at last, when they had been walking fruitlessly for half an hour.

"Tired? Well, Dot," was the reply, "I am afraid we're in fer it. Don't see any prospect of finding papa to-night. Nuthing left, as I see, but the perlice station."

"I'se tired," repeated Dot, quite ignorant of what he meant. "Vy don't ve ride?"

"Ride, poor little mite?" said the boy, and, stopping short, he gazed ruefully into the little face, uncertain how next to act. "Now, ef I had a nickel, I'd put you on a car, and hang on behind, myself. I declare, I've a mind to beg fer it."

The boy, with all his hard experience, was unused to beg; and he disliked the thought. But—for her! Putting on a bold face, he stepped up to a gentleman approaching.

"Ask pardon, sir," he exclaimed. "Little girl lost, sir—want to take her to perlice station. Couldn't you spare a car-fare, sir, eh? She's about tired out—"

He got no farther, for, at this juncture, Dot sprang forward, crying "Papa! papa!" all in a glad tremble of eagerness.

"Dot! in heaven's name, what does this mean?" cried the gentleman, now first discerning her. There was a sudden rush—and then Dot, doll and all, was lifted into the gentleman's arms.

The boy turned to go, a queer lonely feeling tugging at his heart. "She was all right now—and he should never see no more of her," he thought.



"Papa, papa, call him, quick—boy, come back," cried Dot, with sudden remembrance.

He turned at her voice.

"Come here, my boy," said the father; "what's your name?"

"Randall, sir—Randall Harland," and the lad touched his old hat respectfully.

"And you have taken care of my baby, Randall. I must see more of you, my boy," replied the other. "Come along with us."

Randall hesitated, thinking of his shabby appearance.

"Boy, 'oo come wight along—I want 'oo," lisped baby, from papa's shoulder.

"That settles it," muttered Randall, and he followed his new friends to their beautiful home.

II.

JUDGE ST. CLAIR was the leading lawyer of the place, and one of the richest men in it. He took a great fancy to the lad from the first, and this, in addition to his child's gratitude, led to Randall's becoming a sort of protégé. The boy's story, too, interested him, for Randall had come of good parents; but they had died within a year of each other, and, being without near relatives, the lad had drifted into the streets, picking up a precarious living by selling newspapers and doing

odd jobs. He was soon sent to a good boarding-school, and afterward, as he had developed remarkable talent, to college; and was finally taken into the judge's office to study law. In all these years, Randall had seen but little of the daughter; but, meantime, she had grown up into a beautiful and accomplished girl. He never forgot the first time he saw her after he graduated.

"You are now entered in my office," said the judge, "as a student, and I wish you to be perfectly at home. Since my dear wife died, some months ago, we have not seen company; but, if you will come and dine with us to-night, sociably, I shall be glad to have you; and my daughter, who has not forgotten her 'preserver,' as she often calls you, will be as glad, I am sure."

So, when Randall found himself bowing to a fair creature, dressed in filmy black and leaning on her father's arm, he could scarcely believe that he had been the street gamin who had rescued her when lost, and that the little sobbing child, pretty as she was, could have grown up into this beautiful creature. From that night, Randall's heart was gone. He often saw Miss St. Clair, and she was always affable; but her smiles only made him more despairing. "She is grateful, that is all," he said. "She would never think of me. Oh! if I could only go away, and forget her."

But, with it all, he had not the courage to go away. He absented himself, as much as possible, from the house. But often, at night, he would stand at the St. Clair gates, looking despairingly in on the ample grounds of the judge, and watching to see if the daughter's shadow passed the lighted windows: looking, as one banished from Paradise may be supposed to look, hopelessly, in at the celestial gates.

"God help me," he said. "Flight would be wisest for me; but I can't, I can't give up the chance of seeing her occasionally. And, besides, the judge would never understand why I left, and I couldn't explain; and he'd think me ungrateful. Oh, no, I must stay, and see her soon won by some happy man, even if it kills me."

One day, he sat in the judge's law-office, pondering gloomily. Before him lay a dainty note, purporting to be an invitation to a "grand ball," given in honor of Miss Sadie St. Clair's presentation to society.

"What a mockery," he cried. "What right have I, a 'charity boy,' to attend this gaudy affair?" and he tossed the note savagely to the other side of the table. "And yet," with

sudden remorse, "oh, Sadie, Sadie, all that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe, my beautiful darling, to you."

Down went the handsome curly head upon the table, for a moment resting there; then, suddenly, the young lawyer rose to his feet and began pacing the apartment.

"No, no," he muttered, "my pride and honor must ever stand between us. She thinks of me only as the protégé they have taken up. While, as for the judge, kind as he is, what would he, the proud father, say, if I went and asked him to give me his treasure?" He laughed

a derisive laugh. Then, as the vision of the daughter's sweet face rose before him, he murmured: "Oh, Sadie, Sadie, better to have remained in the gutter all my life than to know and love you, only to lose you—to see you the wife of another."

His musings were suddenly interrupted by a low tap at the door. He rose and opened it, and lo! there stood Sadie herself. It was no unusual thing for the girl to drop in to see her father; and Randall began explaining that the judge was out, when she interrupted him.

"Mr. Harland!" she cried, frankly; and,



advancing into the room, she extended to him a small daintily-gloved hand. "It is you I came to see. I have come to add a verbal invitation to my written one; for papa tells me you have a repugnance to such assemblages. Now, it's my birthday—my coming-out party—and I really can't take 'No' for an answer. Do you not owe us something in the way of sociability?"

Randall Harland's brow flushed.

"I owe you everything, Miss St. Clair," he said, in low meaning tones.

It was the girl's turn to flush.

"Pardon me," she said, in some embarrassment. "I did not intend—" She stopped in confusion.

"Nay, Miss St. Clair, it is a pleasure to owe to you all that I am or hope to be—only, I would I were able to make compensation."

"Pray, do not speak in that way," said she, hurriedly. "It is unkind of you, when you know that whatever debt you may think you have incurred was canceled before it was made."

"Then, indeed, I must accept," he replied, gravely.

"Must?" And she pouted her lovely lips. "What!" with sudden impulsiveness, laying her hand upon his arm, "do you not wish to?"

The magnetism of her touch electrified him. He caught the little hand in his own; he had lost his self-control. His face had grown very pale.

"Sadie, Sadie, I wish anything that you will," he whispered rather than spoke. Then, all at once realizing what he had done, he dropped her hand and abruptly turned away.

There was a rustle of silken robes, an opening of the door, and Sadie was gone.

"Ah, I have offended her beyond hope of forgiveness," he murmured, in despair. And again he paced the room with moody brow.

The night of the ball had arrived. Judge St. Clair's noble mansion was brilliantly illuminated. The grounds about the house were alive with light from innumerable Chinese lanterns hanging from the branches of trees. Flowers of rarest hue and perfume were twined and hung in profusion about the rooms.

Amid all this, crowned with flowers, her white satin robe festooned with them, moved Sadie, with the air of a born princess. So thought Randall Harland, at least, as he stood before her with bowed head, listening to her words of welcome. He was conscious of a change in her manner. It had lost its old freedom, and she seemed strangely ill at ease in his presence.

He smiled bitterly to himself as he noted it. "She has taken warning, and will keep me at a proper distance," he said to himself. Judge of his surprise, then, when she held up her card for his inspection.

"See, Mr. Harland," she said, "I have reserved a waltz and a quadrille for you."

"But you forget," he stammered. "I—I do not dance."

She shook her golden head, with a return of the old willfulness. "I know you can do whatever you will to do," she said; and, as she spoke, her eye met his with subtle meaning, then quickly dropped, as she added while she turned away: "And I shall expect you to fulfill this engagement," tapping her card playfully.

The young man's heart stirred within him. What did she mean? Was she playing with him? "Amusing herself, very likely," he said. "with a first girlish flirtation." And so he walked moodily away.

But he did not forget to claim her for the waltz. Despite his professed ignorance, he was acquainted with the step sufficiently well to make a good appearance. And, as he felt her light form swaying to and fro in rhythmic measure in his arms, a strange sort of transport

seized him. She was about to express her surprise at his proficiency; but, when their eyes met, the words died on her lips at the look in his face. Happiness, love, ecstasy, were written there. A sudden tremor seized her. She leaned heavily upon his arm. He heard her whisper:

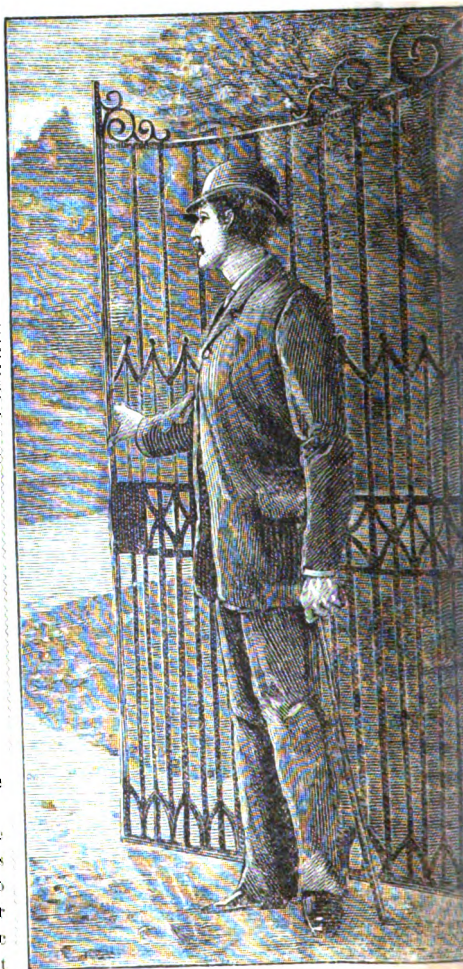
"Take me away. I am faint."

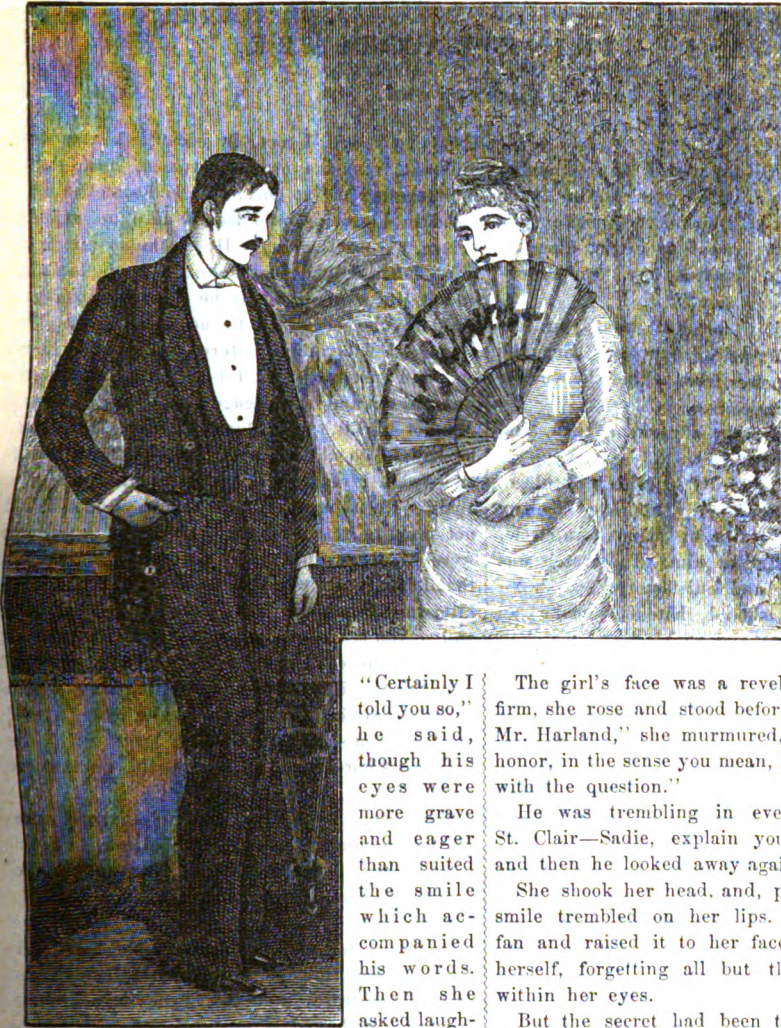
There was a little secluded boudoir at one end of the suite of rooms, which Randall remembered, and thither he led her.

"Thanks," she said, sinking to a seat, and her voice trembling.

He stood a moment, drinking in her loveliness in silence. At last she said, with an attempt to regain her usual well-bred composure:

"Ah, thanks again; I am better now. But what dreadful deceivers you men are. Did you not tell me you could not waltz?" She tapped him playfully with her dainty fan as she spoke.





"Certainly I told you so," he said, though his eyes were more grave and eager than suited the smile which accompanied his words. Then she asked laughingly if he

The girl's face was a revelation. Pale, but firm, she rose and stood before him. "No, no, Mr. Harland," she murmured, "you mistake—honor, in the sense you mean, has nothing to do with the question."

He was trembling in every limb. "Miss St. Clair—Sadie, explain yourself," he cried, and then he looked away again.

She shook her head, and, pale as she was, a smile trembled on her lips. She opened her fan and raised it to her face as if to shield herself, forgetting all but the love revealed within her eyes.

But the secret had been told, and Randall drew her to him with a sudden embrace.

She did not repulse him.

"Sadie, darling, do you love me?" he cried, in rapture.

She drew away with pouting smiling lips.

"Where now," she said, archly, "are your honor and pride, Mr. Harland?"

"Forgive me, forgive me," he cried. "And your father—what will he say? I would not wrong him."

She looked up archly.

"You do not wrong him. Why do you not understand? He loves you as a son, and has long known that I—" a pause.

"You what, Sadie?"

She nestled close to his breast and whispered:

"I love you."

to preserve a character for veracity. "I cannot give me credit where it is not due," he said, gravely. "It was your presence, Miss St. Clair, that inspired me. I could have lived on forever, with you beside me—" He stopped suddenly, startled at his own words. There was silence between them—a silence that spoke louder than words. After a moment a small hand was softly placed in his. "Mr. Harland," she began, "why do you sacrifice your pride forever to master you—" Then she paused in confusion.

He turned upon her wildly. "My pride? Nay rather my honor—my honor, Miss St. Clair. It must ever stand between me—and happiness." The last words were spoken in passionate whisper, VOL. XCV.—8.

A FEMININE MANŒUVRE.

BY LESTER WEBB.



OR my part, I cannot imagine what you see in Victor Dumont to make you want to marry him. It passes my comprehension!"

"Just what you saw in uncle, I suppose," came the answer from behind the window draperies.

There was silence for a moment, then Mrs. Burnham said stiffly:

"The cases are hardly parallel, Kathleen. Your uncle was thoroughly approved by my parents. He had grown up in our own circle, and we knew all about him. The match was eminently suitable and satisfactory."

"Oh, how I should hate to make an 'eminently suitable and satisfactory' match!" The curtains were impetuously parted and a slender golden-haired girl came into the soft light of the room. "Tell me, auntie, did you never wish that someone would come into your life—someone you had never seen—and make you fall desperately in love with him? Didn't you hate to have everything so commonplace? Why, you saw uncle every day nearly, from the time he was in kilts to the day he asked you to marry him."

A slight flush came into the elder woman's cheek. "Don't try to get up melodramatics, please, Kathie."

"Oh, but, auntie, you're blushing! I know you used to feel just as I do. You might as well confess!"

"It is difficult to confess when there is nothing to confess, my dear. Come, I want to have some serious conversation with you about—"

"But I don't want to be serious, Aunt Kate. I feel sure that I'm on the track of a romance. Didn't you ever meet anyone you thought you could love beside uncle? There, you're blushing again! Oh, you must tell me, and then I'll be as serious as you please."

"Well, I suppose you must have your own way, as usual, you perverse girl. But you will be extremely disappointed when you get your romance. It only amounts to this: When I was

about your age, I met, in society, a man so different from the ordinary run of men, that he interested me at once. He had some Italian blood in his veins, and looked like an exiled prince, we used to say. He made no attempt to render himself agreeable to the young ladies, and it was a question why he went into society. Suddenly he began to be attentive to me. I suppose I felt rather flattered by being singled out, and imagined that I loved him. It never was an out-and-out engagement—my parents did not like it. So we drifted along, and then he had to go abroad, and was detained there, and—well, I suppose, being separated, we grew apart. He thought I was undecided. I did not want to go against my parents, and they were so distrustful, and it was all so unhappy, that I finally wrote to him and ended it. Then afterward your uncle came back from traveling, and so you see I have had a happy life after all, and had the comfort of pleasing my parents."

Kathleen sighed. She was leaning over a high-backed chair, her dark eager eyes fastened on her aunt's face. "And is that all?" she said. "What became of him—did he turn out badly?"

"Oh, no. He settled abroad—earned some distinction under Garibaldi, I believe. I never knew very much about him. Our ways took us widely apart. There, now: are you satisfied, inquisitive girl?"

Kathleen leaned her head on her hand and looked thoughtfully at her aunt. Her delicate clear-cut features and the firm lines around her mouth showed a strength of will which might prove more difficult to subdue than had her relative's.

"Aunt Kate, if you really loved each other, I think you did very wrong to give him up for your parents."

"Kathleen, what are you saying?"

"Oh, of course, I know you are very happy now—Uncle George is a dear—but it's the principle I'm thinking of. Not even a parent should choose a husband or wife for one."

"Well, my dear, no doubt you have thought this all out on the deepest psychological principles; but, ordinarily, people of middle age are supposed to have better judgment than girls of twenty."

"Oh, dear, yes, if they only would not forget how they felt when they were young!"

"I am very sorry, Kathleen, I told you my little story, if this is the way you take it. I thought that you could see from it that I can sympathize with you, and it would show you that happiness does not necessarily lie in the one direction you now think it does."

"Still, auntie, it does not prove to me what it does to you. If your first love had turned out badly, perhaps I might be induced to let you choose a husband for me." Then, mischievously: "Haven't you ever wondered what your life would have been if you had married him, and haven't you ever, just for a moment, wished that you had?"

"Of course not! Kathleen, you go too far altogether. What would your Uncle George say?"

"Oh, dear me, I forgot all about him! There, forgive me. And now I'm ready to be serious."

Just then, a maid entered and presented a card to the speaker. As soon as she had disappeared, Kathleen turned gayly to her aunt. "Too late, too late! He is here already. I shall have to wait for your lecture." And, with a saucy nod, she left the room, fastening a rose in her corsage as she went.

Mrs. Burnham leaned back in her chair with vexation on her face, as the portière closed behind her willful niece. She looked about the dainty room, Kathleen's special sanctum. It was luxurious in every detail, and to Mrs. Burnham the thought came: "We have given her everything she has ever wanted, and now she sees no reason why it should not be the same with her lover." It was very trying, especially as there was no definite objection which she could make to this young man. She had to acknowledge to herself that she had liked him exceedingly until she found that Kathleen also liked him. He was handsome, well-bred, with a high sense of honor. What was the matter? If only he had grown up in Boston, so that she might have known all about him. Marriage was such a risk unless you did know all about the man—and then Monsieur Dumont was dark, and would probably make a jealous husband. All this was rather intangible, and would not be likely to have much effect on Kathleen, who was not easily moved from her own decisions. The room was fragrant with flowers, and gradually Mrs. Burnham's brow smoothed under the influence of a comfortable chair and soothing surroundings. She fell into a reverie over the past, and it was some time before the crackling of paper, as her hand fell in her lap, reminded

her that she had a note to read, brought in at the same time that Kathleen's visitor was announced.

She opened it carelessly—it was probably an invitation of some sort. Before she had read the first line, she uttered an exclamation of bewilderment, staring blankly at the writing. It had grown suddenly very familiar. Then she turned to the inner page; it was signed as she knew it would be:

"Your obedient servant,
RAFFAEL MORTIMER."

How that name brought back her youth! Forgotten were Kathleen's affairs. She was a girl again, living over the time when that name had filled her heart. But what were the words she had read? She turned back to the first page and felt old again as she saw:

"Mrs. GEORGE BURNHAM.

Dear Madam:"

Then she read:

"On rejoining my son here, I find that he considers himself betrothed to your niece." (Victor Dumont the son of her first lover? It could not be—there must be some mistake! Ah, but the letter went on.) "I will state, as I find you have not been informed, that he inherited the property of his maternal grandfather, and so took the family name.

"As there seems a prospect that he will pass through the same experience that I did in my youth, and as I do not consider such an experience beneficial to a young ardent nature, I have arranged for him to leave Paris at once on a diplomatic mission, which I trust will so occupy him that he will soon forget this episode in his life.

"Hoping that you will be able to console your niece, as maidens before this have been consoled under like circumstances, I have the honor, madam, to sign myself

"Your obedient servant,
"RAFFAEL MORTIMER."

Mrs. Burnham's cheeks were scarlet by the time she had finished this epistle. "Then he never forgave, and has despised me all these years," she thought.

Just then, the portière was pushed aside and Kathleen entered, but a different Kathleen from the one who had gone, flushed and radiant, to meet her lover. Slowly she crossed the room, her face pale and rigid, the light gone from her eyes, her lips closed in a hard firm line. Mrs. Burnham, horrified at the change, started forward, but Kathleen waved her back.

"I will tell you what has happened," she said, in a frozen voice, "and then please never

“speak to me about it again. Victor's father came to-day. He is the man you told me about. He thinks that I will not be true to Victor, that you will persuade me to give him up, and insists that the engagement be broken. Victor is to go to Russia. He says that he shall claim me as soon as he is free, but I could not let him bind himself. It is all over. I shall never see him again!” With a gesture of despair, she turned away, but her aunt clasped her in her arms.

“Don't look so wretched, my darling: you break my heart. I will do something to change this.”

“You can do nothing. General Mortimer declines the alliance. He is so hard! Don't torture me by trying to do anything. It is useless.” She threw herself on the couch, burying her face in her hands, oblivious to her aunt's attempts to comfort her. That lady at last left her in despair and sought Uncle George.

That individual, blissfully unconscious of the cyclone which had burst upon his wife's head, sat comfortably smoking in his own little den, with a mountain of American papers before him, a smile of placid content on his round kindly face. Enter Mrs. Burnham, excitedly.

“George, something dreadful has happened—oh, how smoky!”

“What?” without looking up from his journal. “Has another decanter been broken?”

“Decanter! Kathleen's heart is broken, that's all!”

Mr. Burnham's attention was arrested by this startling announcement. He put down his paper and looked at the distressed face before him. “Do you mean that it's off with Mr. Dumont?”

Mrs. Burnham nodded agitatedly. “Why, I thought that was just what you had been longing for!”

“Oh, but not in this way. I can't help feeling that it is all my fault. To think that what was over and done with twenty-five years ago should come back and stab me in this fashion.”

Mr. Burnham listened to this outburst in amazement. “Well, Kate, if you will tell me what you mean, I shall know better what to think.”

“Oh, George, you must make it all right, or I shall never forgive myself.”

“I knew you would relent when it really came to the point of seeing Kathleen in tears. Do you want me to go out on the street and drag that young man back?”

“Oh, no, no, no! Here, I suppose you might as well read this,” handing him the letter, which

she had been keeping out of sight. “Then you will understand.”

Mr. Burnham began to read, and then, as his wife had done before him, turned to look at the signature. He gave her a quick glance after seeing what it was, but she had turned to the window to hide her nervousness. Somehow, in a ridiculous way, she felt like the villain in a stage-scene. The letter was read through twice very deliberately before Mr. Burnham spoke. Not that he particularly enjoyed it, but he wanted to take time to recover from the surprise it had given him. Such was the fairness of his mind that he could enter into General Mortimer's feelings. When he did speak, it was only to say:

“Well, I don't see that there is anything to be done but take Kathleen home and try to make her forget this little affair.”

“Forget? And I shall have to endure all the reproach of her misery till she does. I can't bear it, and I don't intend that man shall take such a cruel revenge. I will circumvent him in some way!”

“Circumvent him? Why, Kate, only this morning you were telling me that you would be thankful from the depths of your heart if anything would break off this affair!”

“Please don't waste time, George! Help me to decide what we can do. I suppose we could manage it. You can go to the embassy at once and arrange for a clergyman to be present at eleven, and I'll write to Victor—”

“Kate Burnham, have you lost your senses? What do you mean?”

“No, on the whole, I think you had better hunt up Victor at once, and then, while he is getting the license, you can be attending to the other arrangements.”

Uncle George was growing very red in the face. “If you expect me to make myself ridiculous by dancing after that young man—” A soft hand on his lips prevented further words.

“I want you to help me make Kathleen happy. Oh, if you should see her now! You know he is of good family, and everything you found out about him was to his credit, so I suppose I ought not to have objected. But, dear me, I did want to carry Kathleen home. There is that nice young Howard just waiting till we get back, I know, and she would have settled down almost next-door to us; but then she's in love now, and she shall marry him, if only to show Raffael Mortimer that he can't manage things in this high-handed style!”

“Understand, Kate, once for all, that I will have nothing whatever to do with a clandestine marriage. You must have lost your senses!”

"Well, then, tell me what we shall do."

"As I said before—"

"Oh, don't go over that again. Let me think."

There was silence for a few moments, then Mrs. Burnham suddenly exclaimed:

"I know—George, you must challenge him!"

"Challenge him? What for?"

"Why, for this insulting letter to your wife, of course."

"Well, I think I see myself acting so like a fool," said Uncle George, with vehemence.

"Why, you needn't do anything." Mrs. Burnham was speaking out of deep thought now, and did not catch the expression of her husband's face. "Yes," she went on, "I see just how it will turn out. He will have to accept the challenge—Monsieur Tiernan will act as your second—then I shall find out about it—seek an interview with General Mortimer—everything will be explained—Victor summoned back—Don't you see?"

"No, I don't," growled her husband. "I see that you would make us the laughing-stock of every American in Europe. The most sensible thing we can do, in my opinion, is to take Kathleen home as fast as we can. I, for one, have had enough of foreigners."

"Oh, George, aren't you willing to do so much as this to make Kathleen happy? It's just a form. Of course, I wouldn't have you really fight a duel; but I know General Mortimer would respect you much more if you should resent this letter."

"I don't know that I care particularly for General Mortimer's respect."

"Well, I do, for you, and I can see such a happy ending of all this trouble."

Mrs. Burnham finally won her point, overwhelming all her husband's objections, and, before she left him, he had dispatched his challenge, which was promptly accepted. I think he had never before felt so foolish as he did while arranging matters with his second. Monsieur Tiernan was so business-like, it made the little play almost too realistic. His own part, fortunately, was very simple. He had only to be a passive subject in the hands of the voluble little Frenchman. When all the details had been arranged, Mr. Burnham called his wife into his room to tell her the plan.

"Now, I hope you are satisfied," he said, rather grimly. "Your husband is engaged to fight a duel, with pistols, day after to-morrow, at 7 A.M., place C—; surgeons will be on hand."

"It does sound bloodthirsty," said Mrs. Burnham. "But then we know it won't happen."

"Don't, for pity's sake, give Kathleen an inkling of what is going on," said her husband, uneasily. "If it should leak out that this is only a comedy of your devising, we should be disgraced forever. Duels are serious things here."

"No, indeed! I wouldn't let a soul know for worlds."

Mrs. Burnham's part of the programme came the next day. At the earliest suitable moment, her carriage was at the door, and, arrayed in her most becoming costume, she entered it with her maid, leaving poor Kathleen exceedingly mystified.

She was driven to the Hotel Royale, and Jacques, her trusty footman, was instructed to take word to General Mortimer that a lady would like to speak to him. Mrs. Burnham's plan was to invite him to enter the carriage and drive a little way with her. Then she would surprise him into a confession of the duel, etc., etc.

In a few moments, Jacques returned and informed madame that General Mortimer was not in. At what hour would he return? That, no one knew. He had left the city for a few days.

"Left the city!" Mrs. Burnham gasped. Then, in a hideous flash, it came to her that he would not return until after the duel. "Go back and ask for his address," she insisted, almost frantically. "I have important business with him."

General Mortimer had not left his address—this the bland portier came out himself to tell her. His directions were that all letters and papers should be retained till his return—if madame had any message to leave, it should be delivered at the first opportunity. No? Madame had no message to leave? It was with great regret that he found himself unable to assist her, and so he obsequiously bowed himself away. Madame gave the unheard-of order "Drive anywhere!" as she sank back in the cushions, feeling as if she had no power to breathe. She could not bear the inquisitive eyes of her maid, and so dropped her at a shop, charged with some trifling commission. Then up and down the Champs Elysées, while the poor woman tried to still the whirling of her brain and decide what to do next.

George should not venture near the place—she would go herself rather than that he should run into such danger. She would humble herself in any way. This dreadful duel must not take place. At last, in a very hopeless state of mind, she gave the order "Home."

Mr. Burnham looked up as his wife wearily

dragged herself into his sanctum, where he had been smoking in a sombre way. "Well?" he said, laconically.

"It isn't well at all," she answered, with what spirit she could muster. "General Mortimer has left Paris for several days, and no one knows where he is. And—oh, George! you shan't go near that place. I'd fight him myself rather than let you—I can explain—"

"Explain?" ejaculated Mr. Burnham, recovering from the shock of his wife's intelligence. "Of course you won't do anything of the kind! I have gone too far in this matter to back out now."

"George, you shan't go. You would surely be killed. I shall see Monsieur Tiernan at once, and say that I have found out about it, and that I shall notify the authorities, and—"

"Kate, you will do nothing of the kind," sternly. "You have managed this affair to suit yourself so far, and now I propose to manage the rest of it. I am in honor bound to be at the appointed place to-morrow, and shall be there. I shall fire in the air. I don't care to risk the chance of having anyone's blood on my hands. General Mortimer can do as he pleases."

Then, as his wife burst into a passion of tears, exclaiming "You will be killed, and it will be all my fault!" he went on: "Good gracious! it's nothing so very dreadful, after all. I have been under fire before this, you must remember."

Nothing could weaken his determination, and Mrs. Burnham finally retired to her room with the only attack of hysterics of which she had ever been guilty, having been compelled to promise solemnly that she would take no steps to prevent the duel.

The dreary hours dragged on. Kathleen would have rebelled at being shut out of her aunt's room, had not her own troubles been so absorbing that she was oblivious to all else, and glad to be left to herself.

The gray dawn of the next day was just beginning to steal into the room when she woke to see her aunt standing over her, and heard her saying incoherently: "I promised I would not try to prevent it, but I must be there." Then, impatiently: "Why don't you get up, Kathleen? There isn't a moment to lose."

Kathleen thought her aunt had lost her reason, and started up now, her face full of fear. "What is the matter, auntie—what are you talking about?"

"Oh, I forgot. You don't know anything about it. Do hurry and dress, and I will tell

you. Your uncle has gone to fight a duel." Kathleen gave a sharp exclamation and turned a frightened face toward the speaker. "Don't ask me any questions. There is just time to catch the train. No one must know of it, so I can't take Marie; and I can't go alone, so you must come."

It seemed all a dream to Kathleen, as she made her hasty preparations under her aunt's ceaseless hurrying and heard the explanation given to the maid—who, of course, did not believe a word of it—and swallowed a cup of coffee, and finally found herself settled in the railway-carriage. When they had really left the station, only half an hour behind the train which they were following, Mrs. Burnham seemed more composed. But, as they stopped at one little station after another, her patience gave way, and she grew so extremely nervous that Kathleen became still more alarmed. Her efforts to soothe her aunt were unavailing, so she could only wait in helpless despair for the dreary journey to come to an end. It did at last, and they were left on the platform, the bright sunshine falling mockingly on their heads as they looked forlornly about them for signs of life. It was still early, and, as this was not a train which usually brought passengers to C—, the spot was deserted by man and beast.

"What shall we do?" Mrs. Burnham began, helplessly—when, just then, the door of the little station opened and a man walked leisurely out. His breath was almost taken away by the suddenness with which these two anxious-faced women turned upon him.

"Had two gentlemen arrived here by the previous train?"

"The previous train did not stop here."

"What! was not this C—?"

"Madame said correctly—it was C—."

"Was there, then, some other way of getting here?"

"That would depend from what point one started, madame."

"From Paris, then."

"Ah, from Paris! This was the only line from Paris."

An exclamation of dismay from both listeners.

"Was not the C— field near here?" Mrs. Burnham asked, recklessly.

Now the chef-de-station shrugged his shoulders comprehendingly.

"Ah, that! It was customary to go on to the next station, if one wished to go to the C— field."

"Why, was it nearer?"

"Ah, no—but the next town was larger: one

would not be noticed so quickly there—in case any trouble came from—”

Mrs. Burnham interrupted him quickly:

“Monsieur, I must have a carriage at once.”

“What madame wishes is impossible, I fear.”

“But I must! Monsieur shall have twenty francs if, in ten minutes, there is some vehicle here—no matter what—in which I can ride.”

“But, madame—”

“No, no—go quickly!” she said, imperiously, and fairly waved him down the road in her intense eagerness.

While they waited, Mrs. Burnham feverishly paced up and down the platform, followed by Kathleen, who, quivering as she was in every nerve, tried to encourage her aunt.

“Too late! It will be too late!” the latter whispered, as the moments dragged by.

“But we are nearer the place, auntie, you know.”

“Yes—but they had such a start! Oh, if it were only not too far to walk!”

“There comes something!” Kathleen said, excitedly, looking far along the level road. The cloud of dust, as it came nearer, resolved itself into a peasant-cart such as is used for carrying vegetables to market. It was coming in great jerks, as the bony steed was urged forward by the driver, and would have been a comical sight to a free-hearted traveler.

“That must be for us. See, auntie!”

Without a word, Mrs. Burnham started down the road, almost running; and, in a moment, they were seated on the board which had been laid across the back of the cart, and were jolting off in the opposite direction, while the station-master stared thoughtfully after them, closely holding the twenty francs which had been thrust into his hand.

It seemed a long time to the two women before the driver reined-in his steed, declaring that the journey was at an end. But even then they looked about them blankly. What they saw was a large grove of pines, through which the wind was sighing plaintively, and all around it rolling hills, on which sheep were peacefully grazing: but there were no signs of human life.

“They are not here!” Mrs. Burnham exclaimed, despairingly.

“Oh, madame must go down behind that hill, to find her friends,” said their peasant driver.

Madame was out on the road in an instant, and, with Kathleen close beside her, started across the meadows. Up one hill and down it, up the second they toiled, and there was still another before them. They were half-way up this third swell, when two pistol-shots rang

out sharply on the air. Two piercing screams responded; then, with a supreme effort, the frightened women reached the top. Mrs. Burnham was vaguely conscious of seeing a group of black coats at the bottom and of flying down that hill, and then she knew nothing more: for she fell fainting in the middle of the arena.

The state of petrification into which all had been thrown by this very sudden and startling result from the preliminary firing was broken by Kathleen's voice. She was kneeling, pale and trembling, by her aunt's side, and exclaimed piteously: “Oh! bring some water—quick! Somebody!”

The surgeon was first to recover his presence of mind, and drew near. “The bullet could not have hit her?” he said, interrogatively.

“Oh, no! Not that. Uncle George, why don't you come here? Don't you see she has fainted?”

During the commotion which followed, General Mortimer stood a little at one side, his eyes riveted on Kathleen. It was his first love whom he saw before him, just as he had seen her again and again more than a quarter of a century ago. Was he dreaming? There was the same turn of the head as she looked up at the surgeon. What would she say to him if he should draw near? Pshaw! What was he thinking of? This was Victor's Kathleen, not his—and a flash of jealousy came over him. His Kathleen was the middle-aged lady recovering from a faint. He had not looked at her before, but now he did. She was a handsome woman, yes, but not the girl he had loved. He had no envy in his heart toward his antagonist now. Why had he written that letter? He must have been having a twinge of the gout. How that lovely girl must hate him! She would not look up—if he should speak to her—with the love in her eyes that he used to see in them—

Here he was interrupted by Mr. Burnham, who came hurriedly toward him.

“General Mortimer, I am mortified that this has happened. When can I give you satisfaction?”

The general looked into the distance and said: “At the earliest opportunity which—” Then he hesitated, glanced at Kathleen, and began again abruptly: “Will Mr. Burnham withdraw his challenge if the ladies request him to do so?”

Mr. Burnham looked at him a moment in silent surprise, and then said slowly: “If the ladies authorize General Mortimer to ask me to withdraw my challenge, I shall be glad to comply.”

General Mortimer walked directly to the spot

where Mrs. Burnham sat, leaning against Kathleen, and bowed low :

"May I beg madame and mademoiselle to show that they will forgive me for the trouble I have given them by authorizing me to ask Mr. Burnham to withdraw his challenge?"

Mrs. Burnham could do no more than bend her head in willing assent, but Kathleen broke out eagerly :

"We will forgive anything if you will only stop this dreadful duel!"

Her voice thrilled him. Her large eyes were full of tears, and he could only bow himself away without a word. In a moment, Kathleen exclaimed delightedly : "See, auntie, they are shaking hands—it's all right now!"

As if she had received a fresh draught of life, Mrs. Burnham sat up and looked across the field. There were the two principals in amicable conversation, and, a little farther away,

the other three gentlemen looking on in amazed silence. Explanations ensued, more hand-shaking and bowing, and then General Mortimer approached to take leave.

Mrs. Burnham rose to receive him, and he took the hand of peace which she offered, saying : "Will madame permit me the honor of calling on her to-morrow to inquire for her health?" When he had received her gracious assent, he turned suddenly with a low bow to the silent Kathleen.

"Mademoiselle, may I also venture to bring my son with me?"

When, late that night, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham were at last alone together, he said to her rather grimly :

"Well, Kate, your scheme did work, after all!"

"Yes," she said, weakly, "but Kathleen can never be happy enough in this world to repay me for what I have endured."

WHAT SILENCE MEANS.

BY MAGGIE M'ADAMS.

I know what silence means :

It is to live alone from day to day,
To listen for a long-loved voice, always;
To yearn and yearn, and be unsatisfied,
Because there is no loved one by my side—
This is what silence is !

To feel soft shadow-kisses on my face ;
To miss a long-dreaded, dear-loved embrace ;
To strain the hearing for a single word ;
To learn the anguish of hope long deferred.
This is what silence means !

I might have joyous music all the year ;
Might have young voices rising sweet and clear,

Flinging soft laughter on the summer air,
But—since the voice beloved would not be there—
I know what silence is !

To sit in crowds, and of them make no part ;
To feel the sick pain throbbing at my heart ;
To have no hopes, no wishes, no desires—
Light up the embers of long since dead fires—
This is what silence is !

To hear my echoing corridors repeat
The ghostly patter of dead children's feet ;
To feel them close to me—so dear, so fair—
And, stretching eager arms, clasp empty air—
This is what silence is !

A CONFESSION.

BY GUINIVERE.

"SEE, there within the arch it hangs,
A rarely lovely painted face,
That smiles out life-like from the mass
Of snowy bloom and lace.

A woman's face. From fancy drawn ?
Well, no : to you I will confess
I loved her once—ah ! now you smile.
Say, did you never guess

That he, to whom the world applies
Titles of cynic, misanthrope,
Might once have mourned beside love's bier
And dug the grave of hope ?

I loved her—yet I wrought her death !
I wronged her—yet I drew apart
And learned—too late !—how frail a thing
May prove a woman's heart.

And so I hung the portrait there,
My guardian-angel 'tis in truth,
And only you and I may know
The story of my youth.

Here did I penance—offered prayer :
Before this shrine my soul was shriven ;
And now I wait till I shall know
That I have been forgiven."